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My mother and

father for 1917

1917-1918

# LAYS AND LYRICS.

BY

CHARLES GRAY,

CAPTAIN, ROYAL MARINES,

F. A. S. E.



JOHN MENZIES, EDINBURGH; TILT & BOGUE,

LONDON; AND D. ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.

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1841

MAIN

TO

WILLIAM TENNANT, ESQ.

PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES

IN

THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS;

AUTHOR OF ANSTER FAIR, &c.

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS FRIEND AND SCHOOLFELLOW,

CHARLES GRAY.

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## PREFACE.

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IF at any time it be allowable for an author to speak of himself with complacency, it is surely in a preface. In laying this Volume before the public, it will be observed that the Author has merely complied with the strongly-expressed wish of a number of his much-valued friends, that his lyrical effusions should find "a local habitation," even if they failed in gaining him "a name." He is fully aware that this plea has often been urged before, but never, he believes, in so unquestionable a shape, as will be seen by the fac-simile of a Round-robin addressed to him, and appended to the Volume. It may well be imagined that so flattering a requisition was not to be resisted by one whose fugitive verses

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are scattered over the periodical literature of the three kingdoms, and who has long been a “hobblor round the base of Parnassus;”—by one whose earliest and most delightful day-dreams were,—that he might occupy a niche, however humble, in the same temple with his celebrated countrymen, RAMSAY, FERGUSON, and BURNS. These juvenile aspirations he still retains in all their fervour and freshness; they cling round his heart like the ivy round the oak, and are as dear to him as ever. Although more than fifty of his songs are now “stamped in everlasting print,” the first, the fondest object of his youthful ambition will have been gained, if but one of these shall be found worthy of being classed among the lyrics of his native land.

Whether or not the gentlemen who have subscribed the requisition were right in attaching so much importance to the Author’s poetical productions, must be left to the decision of others. One thing, however, is certain,—he

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has been enabled to present his friends with a Volume which, in external appearance, he hopes will not be found unworthy of their acceptance; and in reference to the embellishments, he trusts they will maintain the high character of that department of art for which Scotland is now so justly distinguished. He may remark, also, that Anstruther has been selected as the subject of the Vignette, because it was the birthplace of himself and of the friend to whom the book is dedicated; and that both the Vignette and Frontispiece have been printed from electrotypes plates executed by Mr EDWARD PALMER, Newgate Street, London, and are considered admirable specimens of the art.

As this preface is a sort of revelation as well as valediction, it may not be uninteresting to state that, while these sheets were preparing for the press, the Author was placed on the Full-pay Retired List of the Royal Marine Corps, after having, under four Sovereigns,

## PREFACE.

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served his country for a period exceeding thirty-six years, "*Per mare, per terram.*"

There only remains for him the pleasing duty of tendering his warmest thanks to those excellent friends whose autographs encircle the Round-robin, and without whose encouragement this publication would not have been called into existence.

It may be proper to add, however, that a few pieces which were thought worthy of preservation, have been reprinted from a small Volume of the Author's published in 1811.

11 ARCHIBALD PLACE, EDINBURGH,

*November 1841.*



Thomas Smith  
James P. Brown  
Jas. Hedderwick, Jun.  
Wm. C.  
Edmonds Jr.  
Robert Th.  
William Cunningham  
Joseph  
Captain  
ROYAL M.

(Captain  
(ROYAL M

See

This Round Robin  
 prefer to you our hum-  
 blest respects. It has been a  
 great satisfaction to have  
 the expressions of your  
 feelings, which we know,  
 than they have done to ours  
 into a strong desire to see  
 volume, to save them from  
 those hard hearted sons  
 of our Country's history  
 much the periodical liter-  
 ature of name and for-  
 getfully entitled. We  
 but would affect  
 consideration of  
 earnestly en-  
 compl







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## LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

### NATURE.

NATURE, how beautiful ! amid the toil  
And woes of human life, her features cheer !  
Some be that love her for her witching smile,  
And some that woo her lofty looks severe !  
Others there are that deem her doubly dear,  
Deep in the vale of noiseless solitude :  
But O ! what eye would spare the rapturous tear,  
To view her, glorious, in her wilder mood,  
'Mid elemental war, in scenes sublime and rude !

Who that hath stood upon the rock-bound shore,  
And listened to the rage of angry seas,  
But felt the loud, the deep, the incessant roar,  
More soul-ennobling than the whispering breeze,  
That sighs at evening through the leafy trees,  
Or rolls away the lazy mist of morn ;—  
The voice of ocean solitude can please  
When all the gaudes, that Nature's breast adorn,  
Can nought of comfort yield to him of heart forlorn!

Who that hath clomb the mountain's craggy brow,  
While murky clouds strove with the warring wind,  
And seen the electric bolt the oak o'erthrow,  
Yet spare the lambkin with its guardian hind ;  
But felt a glow rush o'er the immortal mind,  
As the loud thunder died upon his ear ;  
Felt, as the creature of another kind,  
Some portion of his God—remote from fear—  
Swell all his rising soul and prompt the starting tear!

Who that hath passed upon the pathless sea,  
When angry winds have blown upon its breast,

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

And roused to wrath its slumbering energy,  
That lay, ere while, like cradled babe at rest ;  
That man hath viewed a scene, the grandest, best,  
Of Nature's true sublime ;—when e'en the brave,  
The dauntless sailor, is with dread oppress'd—  
His bark, a feather, on the mountain wave ;—  
Mute, motionless, he stands, his God alone can save !

WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.

MUSIC BY P. M'LEOD, ESQ.

WHEN Autumn has laid her sickle by,  
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry ;  
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,  
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze ;  
And the robin again sits burd-alane,  
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane ;  
When come is the hour o' gloamin grey,  
Oh ! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When Winter is driving his cloud on the gale,  
And spairgin about his snaw and his hail,  
And the door is steekit against the blast,  
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,  
And the ribs are ryppet, the cannell a-light,  
And the fire on the hearth is bleezin bright,  
And the bicker is reamin wi' pithy brown ale ;  
Oh dear is to me a sang or a tale !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Then I tove awa by the ingle-side,  
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,  
When the nights were lang, and the sea ran high,  
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,  
And the mast was strained, and the canvass rent,  
By some demon on message of mischief sent ;  
Oh I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,  
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side !

THE SOCIAL CUP.

AIR—Andro and his cutty gun.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry are we,  
Blythe are we, ane and a' ;  
Aften hae we cantie been,  
But sic a nicht we never saw !  
The gloamin saw us a' sit down,  
And meikle mirth has been our fa' ;  
Then let the sang and toast gae roun'  
'Till chanticleer begins to craw !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Pick and wale o' merry men ;  
What care we tho' the cock may craw,  
We're masters o' the tappit-hen !  
  
The auld kirk bell has chappit twal—  
Wha cares tho' she had chappit twa !  
We're licht o' heart and winna part,  
Tho' time and tide may rin awa !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Hearts that care can never ding ;  
Then let Time pass—we'll steal his glass,  
And pu' a feather frae his wing !

Now is the witchin time o' nicht,  
When ghaists, they say, are to be seen ;  
And fays dance to the glow-worm's licht  
Wi' fairies in their gowns of green.  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Ghaists may tak their midnight stroll ;  
Witches ride on brooms astride,  
While we sit by the witchin bowl !

Tut ! never speir how wears the morn—  
The moon's still blinkin i' the sky,  
And, gif like her we fill our horn,  
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Blythe out-owre the barley bree ;  
And let me tell, the moon hersel  
Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Then fill us up a social cup,  
And never mind the dapple dawn ;  
Just sit a while, the sun may smile  
And licht us a' across the lawn !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we ;—  
See ! the sun is keekin ben ;  
Gie Time his glass—for months may pass  
Ere we hae sic a nicht again !



TIME.

Tak tyme in tyme, or tyme be tint,  
For tyme will not remaine;  
Quhat forces fyre out of the flint  
But als hard match againe.

MONTGOMERIE.

WHEN first this warld was set a-spinnin',  
Time, Ostrich-like, began his rinnin',  
His scythe was gleg,—his glass beginnin'  
To shed its sand,  
Ere Eve or Adam yet kent sinnin',  
Or brak command.

A spankin chiel was he, I trow,  
A tuft o' hair hung owre his brow ;  
Ere lang the wavin'-wimpler grew  
A decent hoar-lock ;  
And wise the man that strove to pu'  
Him by the forelock !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Sae saft his noiseless footsteps fa'—  
Light as a shadow on the wa' !  
Man's ear can catch nae sound ava ;  
    E'en though you watch him,  
Turn but your back,—the chield's awa !  
    And wha can catch him ?

The throwgaun carle ne'er keeks behind him ;  
Nae tether has been found to bind him ;  
The swiftest beagle canna wind him,  
    He's sic a rinner ;  
And man, gear-gatherin' man ! will find him  
    At last, the winner !

At times, it's true, he slacks the rein,  
Claps on the drag,—disease and pain,—  
Then slowly as a wechtie wain  
    He seems to pass us ;  
Let health return,—crack ! crack ! again,  
    Awa he dashes !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Ae simmer day, 'mang meadow grass,  
As I sat gamflin wi' my lass,  
At e'en,—I saw the greybeard pass ;  
    I kend his auld pate !  
He leer'd,—and pointed to his glass,  
    And shook his bald pate !

Ne'er was sic pryin pawkie thief ;  
Nae hidling hole frae him is prief ;  
He steals in by,—I say't wi' grief,—  
    Through door and draipery,  
And eats without my Grannie's leif,  
    Her weel-hain'd naipery !

His sweepin scythe maws a' thing down ;  
Sometimes a king, sometimes a clown,—  
Sometimes a tower, sometimes a town,—  
    Yea ! frae its station  
He hurls into the abyss profoun'  
    Some thuawart nation !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

What can resist his ponderous jaw ?  
His teeth sharp as the tiger's claw !  
Kirks, pyramids, he crumbles sma',  
And ere he blin,  
He crams them in his menseless maw,  
Withouten din !

The last waff o' his weary wing,  
This pillar'd earth clean down shall ding;  
Then shall the notes of triumph ring  
Through heaven on hie ;  
O ! cruel Death, where is thy sting ?  
O ! Grave, thy victorie ?

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

WHEN Nature first began, Jean,  
To try her canny hand,  
It's true she first made man, Jean,  
And gae him great command ;  
But naething wad content him, Jean,  
Though king of a' below,  
Till heaven, in pity, sent him, Jean,  
What maist he wished—a jo !

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean,  
And say the same o' thee,  
Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,  
You still look young to me ;  
And weel I mind the day, Jean,  
Your breast was white as snow,  
And waist sae jimp, ane might it span,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

Our bonnie bairns' bairns, Jean,  
Wi' rapture do I see,  
Come toddlin to the ingle-side,  
Or sit upon my knee ;  
If Happiness e'er quit the skies  
To visit earth below,  
She'll come to man in such a guise,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

Tho' Time has silvereed my pow,  
Sin' we were first acquaint,  
And left his wrinkles on my brow,  
He finds us still content :  
And eild ne'er comes alane, Jean,  
But aft brings want and wo ;  
Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

In innocence we've spent our days,  
And pleasant looks the past,  
Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,  
We're cheerfu' to the last ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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When death knocks at our door, Jean,  
And warns us baith to go,  
The lamp o' love shall licht our path,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean,  
Sin' you and I began  
To sprachel up life's hill, Jean,  
Our race is nearly run ;  
We baith hae done our best, Jean,  
Our sun is wearin' low ;  
Sae let us saftly sink to rest,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF  
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS,  
ON "LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY."

WHEN Night, upon her ebon throne,  
Her standard has unfurl'd,  
And reigns in rayless majesty  
Far o'er a slumbering world :

If haply, then, oppressed by care,  
Or grief, the bosom's wrung ;  
How soothing to the woe-fraught heart  
The pensive page of Young !

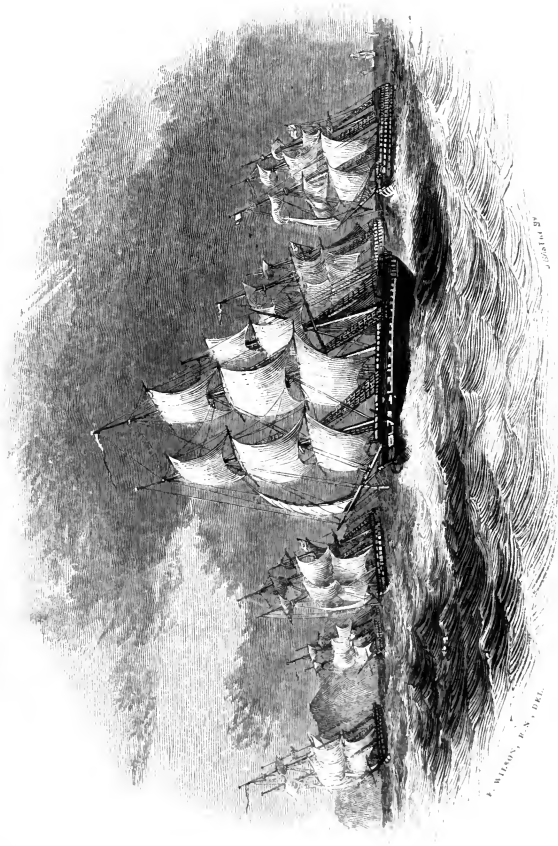
Blest moralist ! thy Life shall live,  
Thy Death shall never die !  
Such strains divine may well ensure  
Thy Immortality !





WILSON 94

F. WILSON, P.S., DEL.



VERNON SEMPER FLARE UP. (1)

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

CAPT. SIR WM. SYMONDS, R.N.

SURVEYOR OF THE NAVY.

AIR—Ally Croker.

COME lend your ears, my brave compeers,  
And if I'm not too bold, Sirs,  
I'll sing to you a song that's new,  
Although the tune be old, Sirs ;  
'Tis of a gallant man o' war,  
More precious far than diamonds ;  
Marked out for fame, *Vernon* her name,  
And built by Captain Symonds.  
Symonds ! Symonds !  
And built by Captain Symonds !  
Both broad and long,  
And stout and strong,  
And built by Captain Symonds !

Much has been written, said, and sung,  
 To prove this ship a failure ;  
 From purblind prejudice it sprung,  
 For, trust me, she can sail, Sir !  
 Whilst Donkies <sup>(2)</sup> bend to every breeze,  
 And Johnny Raws they stare up,  
 With grace and ease she walks the seas,  
*Vernon semper flare up !*  
 Flare up ! flare up !  
*Vernon semper flare up !*  
 Stiff as a church,  
 She scorns the lurch—  
*Vernon semper flare up !*

While others dread the coming gale,  
 And hate to hear it howling,  
 Away she flies, through troubled skies,  
 Ten knots upon a bowling !  
 Harder and harder still it blows—  
 And see ! the fleet they bear up,  
 Whilst like a strong man forth she goes—  
*Vernon semper flare up !*

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Flare up ! flare up !

*Vernon* semper flare up !

Through clouds of spray

She cleaves her way—

*Vernon* semper flare up !

Off Cape Colonne, or thereabout,

A south-west wind prevailing,

The Admiral threw a signal out,

To try the rate of sailing ;

Then *Vernon*, *Portland*, *Columbine*,

All hoist their sails with care up,

And quickly o'er the dark blue brine

They made a mighty flare up !

Flare up ! flare up !

*Vernon* semper flare up !

A rainbow ray

Beamed in each spray,

Made by this mighty flare up !

The *Endymion's* bows were quickly pass'd ;

Although we bore her no spite,

Old Boreas, in a surly blast,  
 He badly sprung her bowsprit ;  
 The *Portland*, too, her topmast sprung,  
 No longer kept the wind, Sir ;  
 While to the breeze the *Vernon* clung,  
 And the cripples left behind, Sir ;  
 Behind, Sir ! behind, Sir !  
 Swift as the passing wind, Sir !  
 Or clouds that fly  
 O'er winter's sky—  
 The cripples left behind, Sir !

What of the *Columbine*, meanwhile,  
 In all this grand to do, Sir ?  
 In running round St. George's Isle,  
 Her fore-yard went in two, Sir ;  
 The fleet held on for Salamis—  
 The wind still blowing fair, Sir,  
 And *Vernon* was the first, I wis,  
 To drop her anchor there, Sir !  
 There, Sir ! there, Sir !  
 To drop her anchor there, Sir !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

That day, in speed,  
She did a deed  
That made old sailors stare, Sir !

Thus ends my Log :—a glass of grog,  
To Symonds her projector ;  
Bred in the school of Common Sense,  
If not of Architecture !  
Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And success to the *Vernon* ;  
In lightest breeze, or stormy seas,  
A rival she can fear none !  
Fear none ! fear none !  
A rival she can fear none !  
Nought floats around  
Sea's utmost bound  
To match the flying *Vernon* !

WILL SHAKSPEARE, IN HIS WITTY PAGE.

AIR—Whistle owre the lave o't.

WILL SHAKSPEARE, in his witty page,  
Declares that ' all the world's a stage,'  
While we as players a' engage  
    To—whistle owre the lave o't.  
The Priest, humility will teach—  
To Poverty, contentment preach—  
Place rank and wealth within his reach,  
    He—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Doctor, wi' his drap and pill,  
May, as it happens, cure or kill;  
If he contrives his pouch to fill,  
    He'll—whistle owre the lave o't.  
The learned Lawyer pawkilie,  
In gown and wig, will press your plea;  
But win or lose, has bagg'd his fee,  
    Sae—whistles owre the lave o't.



The Actor, he plays mony a part,  
Wi' comic shrug, or tragic start ;  
To glee, or grief, he bends the heart,  
And—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Fiddler wi' his magic bow  
O'er mortals, too, his spell can throw ;  
And, ' four-and-twenty in a row,'  
Whyles—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Merchant, wi' his high shop rent,  
Will gravely charge you cent. per cent.  
And in your lug some lee will sklent,  
Syne—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Landlord, wi' his beer sae sma',  
Nae final reckonin' fears ava ;  
Instead o' ane he'll score you twa,  
Then—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Soldier, though he drills a' day,  
And right and left maun face away,  
At nicht makes merry wi' his pay,  
And—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Poet flatters wi' his verse  
Some wealthy fool, to fill his purse ;  
But when the spendthrift's siller's scarce,  
He—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Gangerel, on his timmer pegs,  
Wha, through the day, for aumos begs,  
At nicht will dance on twa guid legs,  
And—whistle owre the lave o't.  
In human life, we thus may see,  
A' wear the mask in some degree ;  
This ane will cheat, that ither lee,  
A'—whistle owre the lave o't.

GENTLE ANN.

AIR—Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

GALLANTS a', beware o' Annie !

Gallants a', beware o' Annie !

Love's deep wyle lurks in her smile,

Her ilka glance is far frae cannie !

I saw her in the magic dance ;

While light as fay she glided thro' it,

Frae her black een she cuist a glance,

And lang and sair my heart will rue it.

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.

Her raven locks dark clustering hung,

In ringlets o'er her neck and bosom ;

Her teeth were orient pearls strung,

Her lips the rose's openin blossom !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
But O ! what rapture when she sung  
O' some sad lover—lone—despairing ;  
Such touching strains flowed frae her tongue,  
Nae Syren e'er was sae ensnaring :

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
O ne'er was breathed sae sweet a lay !  
Still o'er the notes my memory lingers ;  
As swelled the strain—syne died away  
Like harp strings touched by fairy fingers.

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
Such was the genty, gentle Ann—  
As, vision bricht, she passed afore me ;  
Love followed fast—that fae to man !  
And cuist his witchin glamour o'er me :

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
Since that sweet night nae rest hae I—  
I think, I speak, I dream about her ;  
To win her favour I maun try,  
For O ! I canna live without her !

EPITAPH

ON A SUBALTERN OF MARINES.

HERE lies, exempt from noise and folly,  
One, 'clep'd in sailor phrase—a Jolly ;  
Discharged from ship—of *one* a boaster—  
Struck off from guard and foreign roster ;  
No more on garrison parade,  
His uniform shall be display'd,  
Or trimly dressed, and debonair,  
He'll trip across the barrack square,  
When dinner drum, with welcome sound,  
Has wakened all the echoes round.  
No more, when dawn begins to peep,  
Rough *holy stones* shall ' murder sleep ;'  
Nor boatswain's pipe with shrilly blow  
E'er rouse the inhabitant below !  
Safe landed on a waveless shore,  
His tour of earthly duty o'er

The muse to modest merit just,  
His deeds would rescue from the dust.

In *War*, when Terror stalked abroad,  
The crimsoned deck he often trode,  
Where rocks and shoals did him environ,  
Fast bound in misery and iron.  
In *Peace*, each morn upon parade,  
He took his usual promenade,  
To all commands obedient still  
He mounted guard, or went to drill,  
Though in his life he ne'er was partial  
To see his name on courts called *Martial*.  
Across his weather-beaten brow,  
Old Time had driven his iron plough ;  
And o'er a scalp, white, thin, and bare,  
His scythe had scarcely left a hair ;  
And ne'er a tooth was in his head  
But what the dentist had supplied !  
A sand-glass—and this withered elf,  
Had passed for father Time himself !—

Yet still the vet'ran—what a notion !  
Wish'd, hop'd, and pray'd—for what ? PROMOTION !  
One *birthday* went—another came—  
Still Hope played her delusive game ;  
His humble claims were unredressed—  
Promotion came not from the West,  
East, South, nor North ;—*esprit de corps*  
Within his bosom burned no more ;  
Despised—neglected—‘ there's the rub,’  
He died a poor heart-broken SUB ;  
And left this world in such disdain,  
'Tis doubtful if he'll rise again !

MAGGIE LAUDER.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS. (3)

THE cantie Spring scarce reared her head,  
And Winter yet did blaud her,  
Whan the Ranter cam to Anster fair,  
And speired for Maggie Lauder ;  
A snug wee house in the East Green,  
Its shelter kindly lent her,  
Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth stane,  
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter !

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,  
And to the kirk they ranted ;  
He played the auld ' East Nook o' Fife ;'  
And merry Maggie vaunted,  
That *Hab* himsel ne'er played a spring,  
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,  
For he made Anster town to ring—  
And wha's like Rob the Ranter ?



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

For a' the talk and loud reports,  
That ever gaed against her,  
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife,  
As ever was in Anster ;  
And since the marriage knot was tied,  
Rob swears he cou'dna want her  
For he loves Maggie as his life,  
And Meg loves Rob the Ranter.

CAN LOVE WITH ALL ITS CHARMS.

AIR—What ails this heart o' mine.

CAN love, with all its charms,  
Relieve my soul of pain ?  
Now I must quit thy loving arms  
Ne'er, ne'er to meet again !  
Ah no ! a thousand pangs  
My tortured bosom swell ;  
I feel my darkening fate now hangs  
On that dread word—Farewell.

Though I am doomed to go,  
Let not thy heart repine ;  
Nor sink thy soul in fruitless woe,  
Since thou canst ne'er be mine !  
Farewell ! nor think of me ;  
But though I leave this shore,  
My fond, fond heart shall sigh for thee,  
And love thee more and more !

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

IRVINE BURNS' CLUB, 1829.

HAIL BURNS ! my native Bard, sublime ;  
Great master of our Doric rhyme !  
Thy name shall last to latest time,  
    And unborn ages  
Shall listen to the magic chime  
    Of thy enchanting pages !

Scarce had kind Nature given thee birth,  
When, from his caverns in the North,  
Wild Winter sent his tempests forth,  
    The winds propelling—  
To level with its native earth,  
    Thy clay-built, lowly dwelling.(4)

Too well such storm did indicate  
The gloom that hung upon thy fate ;—  
Arrived at manhood's wished estate,  
    When ills were rife,  
Thy heart would dance with joy elate  
    At elemental strife !

Lone-seated by the roaring flood,  
Or walking by the sheltered wood,  
Rapt in devotion's solemn mood,  
    Thy ardent mind  
Left, whilst with generous thoughts it glowed,  
    This sordid world behind !

Thou found man's sentence was to moil,  
In turning o'er the stubborn soil ;  
But ne'er was learning's midnight oil  
    By thee consumed ;  
Yet humour, fancy, cheered thy toil,  
    Whilst nature round thee bloomed.

Though nurtured in the lowly shed—  
A peasant born—with rustics bred—  
Bright Genius round thy head display'd  
Her beams intense—  
Where Coila found thee—loveliest maid !  
‘ Ben i’ the smeeke spence !’

Mute is the voice of Coila now,  
Who once with laurels decked thy brow;—  
Still let us ne’er forget that thou  
Taught learned men ;  
The hand that held the pond’rous plough  
Could wield the Poet’s pen !

Upon thine eagle-course I gaze,  
And weep o’er all thy devious ways ;  
Tho’ peer and peasant prized thy lays  
What did it serve?—  
Grim Av’rice said, ‘ Give lasting bays,  
‘ But let the Poet starve !’

The heartless mandate was obeyed ;—  
Although the holly crowned thy head,  
Yet wealth and power withheld their aid,  
    And hugg'd their gain ;  
While thy loved babes might cry for bread,  
    And cry, alas ! in vain !

But now *thy* column seeks the skies,  
And draws the inquiring stranger's eyes ;—  
Art's mimic boast for thee may rise  
    Magnificent ;—  
Yet thou hast reared, midst bitter sighs,  
    A prouder monument !

Thy songs, ' untaught by rules of art,'  
Came gushing from thy manly heart,  
And claim for thee a high desert ;—  
    In them we find  
What genius only can impart—  
    A mood for every mind !

The milkmaid at calm evening's close—

The ploughman starting from repose—

The lover weeping o'er his woes—

The worst of pains !

The soldier as to fight he goes—

All chaunt thy varied strains !

Sweet minstrel, ' of the lowly train,'

' We ne'er shall see thy like again !'

May no rude hand thy laurels stain ;

But o'er thy bier

Let poets breathe the soothing strain

Through each revolving year !

Yes ! future bards shall pour the lay,

To hail with joy thy natal day ;

And round thy head the verdant bay

Shall firm remain,

Till Nature's handiworks decay,

And ' chaos come again !'

O I HAE SEEN THE WILD-FLOWERS BLAW.(5)

AIR—The skylark's matin chime.

O I hae seen the wild-flowers blaw,  
And gentle Spring returning ;  
O I hae seen the sere leaves fa',  
And Nature clad in mourning ;  
But then, e'en then, my heart was licht,  
I knew nor care nor sorrow,  
For Fancy painted a' things bricht,  
And Hope smiled on the morrow !

But, waes my heart ! now flowers may blaw  
And fleeting seasons vary—  
I only mark the leaves that fa'  
Around the grave o' Mary !—  
The moaning winds o' Winter rise,  
And on the ear come swelling ;  
And crisp, and cauld, the cranreuch lies  
Upon her lonely dwelling !



THE LASS OF PITTENWEEM.

AIR—Johnny's grey breeks.

THE sun looked through an evening cloud,  
His golden rays glanced o'er the plain;  
The lark upsprung, and caroll'd loud  
Her vesper hymn of sweetest strain.  
Far in the east the rainbow glow'd  
In painted lines of liquid light;  
Now all its vivid colours shew'd—  
Wax'd faint—then vanish'd from the sight!

As forth I walked, in pensive mood,  
Down by yon ancient abbey wall,  
Gay Spring her vesture had renew'd,  
And loud was heard the partridge' call;  
The blackbird's song rang through the wood,  
Rich in the red sun's parting gleam;  
When fair before me, smiling, stood  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

O I have wandered far and wide,  
And ladies seen 'neath brighter skies,  
Where trees shoot up in palmy pride,  
And golden domes and spires arise ;—  
But here is one, to my surprise,  
Sweet as a youthful poet's dream ;  
With love enthroned in her dark eyes—  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem !

‘ Where dost thou wander, charming maid,  
Now evening's shades begin to fall ?’—  
‘ To view fair Nature's face,’ she said,  
‘ For Nature's charms are free to all !’—  
‘ Speak ever thus in Nature's praise ;  
Thou giv'st to me a darling theme ;—  
On thee I'll lavish all my lays,  
Thou lovely lass of Pittenweem !’

There is a magic charm in youth,  
By which the heart of age is won ;  
That charm is innocence and truth,  
And beauty is its summer sun !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Long may it shine on that fair face,  
Where rosy health and pleasure beam ;  
Long lend its magic spell to grace  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

O CHARLIE is my darling,  
My darling, my darling ;  
O Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

When first his standard caught the eye,  
His pibroch met the ear,  
Our hearts were light, our hopes were high,  
For the young Chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Then plaided chiefs cam frae afar,  
Nae doubts their bosoms steir ;  
They nobly drew the sword for war  
And the young Chevalier !

O Charlie is my darling, &c.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

But he wha trusts to Fortune's smile,  
Has meikle cause to fear ;  
She blinket blythe but to beguile  
The young Chevalier !  
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

O dark Culloden ! fatal field !  
Fell source o' mony a tear ;  
There Albyn tint her sword and shield,  
And the young Chevalier !  
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Now Scotland's ' flowers are wede away ;'  
Her forest trees are sere ;  
Her Royal Oak is gane for aye—  
The young Chevalier !  
O Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling ;  
O Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

THE BATTLE OF NAVARIN.

To glorious NAVARIN

Let us raise the Poet's lay !

For on ocean ne'er was seen

Such a brave and bold affray,

When the Christian and the Turk battled there ;

There, four nations in their might

Were engaged in deadly fight,

And the Crescent veiled her light

In despair !

The *Asia* led the van—

From her foremast streamed the *Blue*

Of brave CODRINGTON—a man

Of cool courage, tried and true—

While the French and the Russ closed the rear ;

Then, full soon, 'mid fire and smoke,

From the heart of British oak,

Death, in voice of thunder, spoke

To each ear.

Six fire-ships guard the bay,  
And they looked like fiends of hell,  
That would leap upon their prey—

But the *Dartmouth* watched them well ;—  
When the Prince of brave *Fellows*(6) gave command,  
For these dogs to clear the way ;  
The haught Turk he answer'd, ' Nay !'  
Then, at once, began the fray—  
Hand to hand.

Our foes were three to one,  
And they moored in crescent lay ;  
But before the day was done  
All was havoc and dismay ;—  
In vain was every effort of the brave !  
Red ruin o'er them pass'd,  
Like the desert's deadly blast,  
And their ships no shadow cast  
O'er the wave !

Vain, vain may words essay  
To illustrate the fight ;—

Lo ! the darkness shone like day,  
And the sea-mew fled in fright,  
As Egyptian and Turk blew on high  
With a red portentous glare,  
Like a comet in the air,  
When it shakes its dreadful hair  
O'er the sky !

Lamented Bathurst<sup>(7)</sup> fell,  
The kind father of his crew ;  
And brave George Augustus Bell<sup>(8)</sup>  
Gained the bloody laurel too ;—  
The rest shall grace our history's bright page ;  
There, each name shall be enroll'd,  
By a pen of burnish'd gold,  
With the hero, famed of old,  
And the sage !



THE BLACK-EED LASSIE.

AIR—My only jo and dearie, O.

Wi' heart sincere, I love thee, Bell—

But dinna ye be saucy, O,

Or a' my love I winna tell

To thee, my black-eed lassie, O :

Its no thy cheek o' rosy hue,

Its no thy little cherry mou,

Its a' because thy heart's sae true,

My bonnie black-eed lassie, O !

Its no the witch-glance o' thy ee,

Tho' few for that surpass ye, O,

That maks ye ay sae dear to me,

My bonnie black-eed lassie, O !

Its no the whiteness o' thy skin,

Its no love's dimple on thy chin ;—

Its a' thy modest worth within,

My bonnie black-eed lassie, O !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,  
That a' wish to caress ye, O ;  
But O ! how I admire thy mind,  
My bonnie black-ee'd lassie, O !  
I've seen thy een, like crystal clear,  
Shine dimly thro' saft Pity's tear—  
These are the charms that mak thee dear,  
To me, my black-ee'd lassie, O !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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A STRAMASH AMONG THE STARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

IRVINE BURNS' CLUB, 1830.

O, he knows the Stars;  
He'll tickle you Charles's Wain in nine Degrees.  
OLD PLAY.

THIS day, as our own, we claim it, lads;  
And a Scot should be proud to name it, lads;  
For ye ken wha was born,  
On this Januar' morn,  
And Fame to the last shall proclaim it, lads.  
While Poortith licked the ladle, lads,  
And Labour thro' dubs did paidle, lads,  
With a sweet lullaby,  
And the tear in her eye,  
Fair Coila sat rockin his cradle, lads.

D

O could blew the blast owre that dwelling, lads,  
Where the bud o' young Genius was swelling, lads;  
Still, Fancy wad throw  
Her warmest glow  
O'er the witch-tale his fond nurse was telling, lads.  
Let minstrels wake the morn, my lads,  
On which our Bard was born, my lads;  
For song and mirth  
Should hail his birth,  
And the laurel his brows adorn, my lads.

Fill high, fill high your glasses, lads;  
Let BURNS be the spell as it passes, lads;  
While on wings of rhyme  
We soar sublime  
High o'er the bare peaks o' Parnassus, lads!  
Then afar we'll bend our flight, my lads,  
To a spot ever sunny and bright, my lads;  
There, we'll rove among  
The gardens of song,  
And list to his lays wi' delight, my lads!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Then away we'll a' be speeling, lads,  
Till of heaven we reach the ceiling, lads ;  
    O we'll dance in the moon,  
    To some auld Scots tune,  
While the planets around us are reeling, lads !  
We'll hound the *Dog* at the *Lion*, lads,  
And follow the chase wi' *Orion*, lads ;  
    And at night we'll regale,  
    On the *Scorpion's* tail,  
While the *Fishes* for supper are fryin, lads !

When wi' *Venus* we've danced a measure, lads,  
O' the *Bull* and the *Ram* we'll make seizure, lads ;  
    And yoking the twain  
    In *Charlie's Wain*,  
Come jogging awa at our leisure, lads.—

. . . . .  
'Twas glorious to see us mountin', lads ;  
And the stars our companions countin', lads ;  
    Now we're landed again,  
    Inspiration we'll drain  
At mair than the Muses' fountain, lads.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O leeze me on love and liquor, lads,  
For they baith mak the blood bound quicker, lads,  
And the Bard wha was born  
On this Januar' morn,  
Like us, took a waught o' the bicker, lads !  
Then join me in a lay, my lads,  
To hail his natal day, my lads ;  
For the tones of his lyre  
Shall never expire  
Till feeling, and fancy decay, my lads !

THE VENETIAN GOLD CHAIN.

AIR—I wish my love were in a mire.

COULD I a cunning workman find  
With links like these thy heart to bind,  
It never more should wander free,  
But live a willing slave with me !  
Ah ! no—for, cast in honour's mould,  
Thy heart disdains a chain of gold ;  
Resolved no tyrant's power to prove,  
But live a slave alone to love !

These links, tho' wrought with nicest art,  
Can ne'er secure a roving heart ;  
Love's magic chain, so light and fine,  
Alone can make the wanderer mine !  
Thy fetters, Love, can firmly bind,  
Though viewless as the passing wind :—  
Then, Cupid, drop thy bow and dart—  
Enchain, but wound not, Jessie's heart !

FAIR FA' THE LASSES.

AIR—Green grow the rashes.

FAIR fa' the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, O !

May dool and care still be his share,

Wha doesna lo'e the lasses, O !

Pale Poverty and girnin Care,

How lang will ye harass us, O ?

Yet light's the load we hae to bear,

If lessened by the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,

Or scornfully may pass us, O ;

Their better lot we'll ne'er envy,

But live and love the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.



Why should we ever sigh for wealth ?  
Sic thochts should never fash us, O ;  
A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,  
Content, and bonnie lasses, O !  
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The ancient bards, to shaw their skill,  
Placed Muses on Parnassus, O,  
But let them fable as they will,  
My Muses are the lasses, O !  
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The toper cries, the joy o' wine  
A' ither joys surpasses, O ;  
But he ne'er kent the bliss divine,  
That I hae wi' the lasses, O !  
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

When I am wi' the chosen few,  
The time fu' quickly passes, O ;  
But days are hours, and less, I trow,  
When I am wi' the lasses, O !  
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When joys abound, then let a round  
Of overflowing glasses, O,  
Gae brisk about, and clean drunk out,  
The toast be—‘ Bonnie lasses,’ O !

Fair fa’ the lasses, O !  
Auld Scotland’s bonnie lasses, O !  
May dool and care still be his share,  
Wha winna toast the lasses, O !

SPRING—A FRAGMENT.

Redolent of spring,  
GRAY.

THE lark adventurous tries her wing,  
Though wintry clouds usurp the sky,  
And carols to the infant Spring,  
Her sweet, her short-lived melody ;

But soon she seeks the furrow's fold,  
Her dripping pinions there to screen ;  
For April showers are sharp and cold,  
Though gleams of sunshine *glint* between.

The blackbird pours his matin lay,  
And music wakes the grove again ;  
The *mavis* at the close of day  
Trills softly sweet her vesper strain.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Young Spring broke loose from warm parterre,  
Now scatters verdure o'er the land ;  
A mountain daisy gems her hair—  
A primrose pale adorns her hand.

The crocus dies beneath her foot,  
While daffodils are round her growing ;  
The wandering cuckoo yet is mute,  
For chill the eastern breeze is blowing.

But O, her infant smiles are sweet  
At noontide, when the air is calm ;  
Where early bees, with busy feet,  
Buzz round and seek the silver palm.

NORTHESK ON THE LEE.

MUSIC BY P. McLEOD, ESQ.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES CARNEGIE, ESQ.

OF NORTHESK, CORK.

How blythe we twa hae been  
At Northesk on the Lee,  
Tho' ne'er a leaf was green,  
Nor bird sang on the tree.  
Waes me ! I maist could greet—  
Between us rolls the main ;  
Oh, when shall we twa meet  
At sweet Northesk again !

O'er last Saint Andrew's day—  
Revered by Scotsmen true ;  
Fond memory sheds her ray,—  
That day I dined wi' you ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

You sat in tartan trews,  
A braid sword at your knee ;  
While sweetly smiled your spouse  
At Northesk on the Lee.

The haggis was pipin het,  
And prime the barley bree ;  
O ! we were snugly set,  
As honest men should be.  
For hours we scorned to rise,  
Our hearts ran o'er wi' glee ;  
Tho' some might be mair wise,  
Nane were sae blythe as we !

The sang and toast gaed round,  
Wi' '*vive la compagnie* ;'  
Care started at the sound,  
And Sorrow dried her ee.  
Yet some may hint a faut,—  
But why the truth conceal ?  
That merry nicht the maut  
A wee thought drown'd the meal !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Fair fa' thee, sweet Northesk !  
And a' the inmates there ;  
Through life I wadna ask  
For friends mair firm and fair !  
Time ! ply thy wings sae fleet—  
Winds ! waft me o'er the main—  
That soon we twa may meet  
At dear Northesk again !

*Malta, 1835.*

LOUISA'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

AIR—Pinkie House.

LOUISA'S but a lassie yet,  
Her age is no twice nine ;  
She lang has been her mammie's pet—  
I wish that she were mine !  
She's licht o' heart, and licht o' foot—  
She's blythe as blythe can be ;  
She's dear to a' her friends about,  
But dearer far to me !

A fairer face I may hae seen,  
And passed it lichtly by ;—  
Louisa's in her tartan sheen,  
Has fixed my wandering eye :  
A thousand beauties there I trace,  
That ithers canna see ;  
My blessings on that bonnie face—  
She's a' the world to me !



Oh, Love has wiles at his command !

    Whene'er we chance to meet,  
The slightest pressure o' her hand  
    Maks my fond bosom beat ;  
I hear the throbbing o' my heart  
    While nought but her I see ;—  
When shall I meet, nae mair to part,  
    Louisa, dear, wi' thee ?

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS YET

‘ A FIRST LIEUTENANT OF MARINES.’

ALAS ! for the *Subs* that must traverse the ocean,  
And mount step by step the scale of promotion ;  
The steps are so distant, the ladder so high,  
The top, like old Jacob's, is lost in the sky !  
This doctrine is true, tho' few venture to teach it,  
In heaven, alone, will the most of them reach it !

HOLY STONES.<sup>(9)</sup>

THOSE holy stones—those holy stones—  
Full well I know their horrid tones ;  
For o'er my head in life's young morn,  
My ears were by their discord torn !

Those hours have passed—how swift !—away,  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Now darkly dwells with Davy Jones,  
And hears no more those holy stones !

And so 'twill be when I am gone,  
Those horrid stones will still rub on,  
And jolly tars, in surly tones,  
Blast buckets, brooms, and holy stones !

When with the peep of early dawn,  
Along the deck they're rudely drawn,  
Who, undisturbed, can lie and hear  
Such grating sounds assail his ear ?

O then they come on our hours of rest,  
Like the nightmare on a sick man's breast,  
And the spirit of dreams in a moment flies,  
As we wake to this world's realities !

Sure every stage of this mortal life, .  
With petty miseries is rife ;  
But toothach—headach—a sick man's groans,  
Are nought to the rubbing of holy stones !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A POETICAL FRIEND,

RESIDING IN THE VICINITY OF NEWHAVEN.

O I'LL ay mind yestreen,  
And sae merry's I've been  
Wi' friends that I met in your ha', man ;  
Till memory retreat,  
And sense leave her seat,  
And the last sough o' life flee awa, man !

Your drink it was good,  
And sae was the food,  
And quickly we stowed it awa, man ;  
But swats, I'll be boun',  
Gang far faster down  
Than ought that is fed in the sta', man.

This morn i' my mouth  
Was a sma' dust o' drouth,  
But I had na a headach ava, man ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Of soda nae bottle  
Gaed fizz down my throttle,  
To clear the mouse-wabs frae my craw, man !

O I'll ay mind the night—  
The een sparklin bright—  
The music that rang thro' your ha', man—  
Your ain comely dame—  
The twa lasses at hame,  
And laddie, that's just gaun awa, man.

How, for story and joke  
Ilk ane loosed his pock,  
And drew his spoon out o' the wa', man ;  
For the grist frae our mill,  
Was mirth and guid will,  
That rushed, like a river, awa, man !

Sae we sat and we sang,  
For I ken na how lang ;  
The clock chappit ane, and syne twa, man ;  
While the moon shinin high,  
Glowred down frae the sky,  
And cried, ' are ye no gaun awa, man ?'

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE

BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING 1837.

BREATHE upon Nature's chilly breast,  
Ye gentle zephyrs of the west ;  
Blow, and revive the dreary plain ;  
Bid flower and foliage live again :  
As yet no daisy decks the lea,  
Nor bud bursts on the hawthorn tree ;  
While, nipt in early youth, the lamb  
Lies dead beside the bleating dam !  
The sky-lark, herald of the spring,  
In vain essays his fluttering wing ;  
For, as he tries the ambient air,  
Snow-cloud on snow-cloud meets him there !  
O ! Nature's breast is cold and chill,  
For Winter lingers on the hill,  
His snowy mantle round him holds,  
And slowly gathers up its folds !

When will he seek the iron North,  
And the pale primrose venture forth?  
Sad April leaves us with a sigh,  
The tear congealed within her eye;  
And Maia comes with sun and showers—  
Maia! the mother of sweet flowers;  
She comes to bid the woods rejoice,  
For scarce a warbler lifts his voice;  
She seeks the garden's gay parterre,  
And finds a pallid snowdrop there!



THE PUNCH BOWL.<sup>(10)</sup>

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

WELCOME thou huge capacious bowl  
From o'er the boundless sea ;  
And blest the sweet Chinese's soul,  
That made and modell'd thee!  
Brimful thou stand'st—a depth profound—  
An ocean in expanse,  
In which the moon and stars around  
Might see themselves at once !

Doubtless, frae bickers big, the men  
Wha lived afore the flood,  
Were wont their mighty draughts to drain,  
And souk their liquor good :  
But ne'er a son of Anak's race,  
Though drouthy past control,  
Was fit to fauld in his embrace,  
Or drain thee—giant bowl !

Some bards have made a mighty fuss,  
And many a stanza penn'd,  
To prove the sum of human bliss,  
‘ A bottle and a friend !’  
But though I love the flow of soul,  
And come at friendship’s call ;  
O give me but this ample bowl,  
I’ll spurn at bottles all !

Had Bacchus lived—that jolly god,  
So famed for wine and glee ;  
He would have left his high abode,  
This bowl of howls to see !  
Say, what are tumblers ? what are jugs ?  
They tempt not me to sing,  
Ye poets come, and ‘ lay your lugs  
In mair than Pindus’ spring !’

I’ve lived—but never hoped to see—  
Though I’ve been blythe and boon—  
‘ A bowl of punch that like a sea  
Could soom a lang dragoon !’

Then hence with every paltry glass,  
And crystal goblets bring,  
While each man drinks his friend, his lass,  
His country, and his King !

While here we stand in marshall'd ranks,  
One cup, with three times three ;  
One brimming cup of heartfelt thanks  
To SANDY o'er the sea !  
Where'er he roam—howe'er remote—  
To Indus, or the Pole ;  
CORSTORPHINE'S name be 't ne'er forgot  
Beside this flowing bowl !

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO DECLINED TO BE INTRODUCED TO THE AUTHOR

BECAUSE HE WROTE VERSES.

The hand is harmless when the tongue can rhyme.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

YOUR words, fair lady, give me pain—  
Why dread the Poet's simple strain?  
Deem not his harmless lays disgrace,  
If he in verse should try to trace,  
On face so lovely, young, and fair,  
The lines that live in beauty there.  
Your 'wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie,'  
A lovelier never saw I onie;  
(Except perhaps—'twere vain to tell  
The name of one that loved me well;  
To dream of bliss, long since gone by,  
That mocks the heart, and prompts the sigh;)

Ripe ruby lips—may heaven bless them !  
 Might tempt an anchorite to kiss them !  
 Where pearly teeth themselves disclose,  
 Mocking the lily and the rose.  
 Two pretty eyes, that well might pass  
 For Cupid's own bright looking-glass ;  
 Nay, on my conscience, I declare  
 Young Love himself seems dwelling there,  
 Or sports among thy raven hair !  
 A bust, so formed by Nature's hand,  
 No sculptor could the like command :—  
 In vain may Art with Nature vie  
 In beauty, or in symmetry !—  
 Where'er you walk—tho' crowds surround you,  
 The light of beauty shines around you,  
 Tempting the idle world to gaze  
 On woman's winning witching ways ;  
 While modesty, as with a veil,  
 Enshrines the maid my Muse would hail !

Then tolerate the minstrel's strain,  
 Nor deem his lays as light, as vain ;

The poet's pen, by you abhorred,  
Is greater than the victor's sword.  
The warrior who a name may gain,  
Lives in the bard's immortal strain ;  
The beauty that adorns a face—  
The female form—the matchless grace,  
Would leave on earth no lasting trace ;  
And e'en the painter's bright display,  
With lapse of years would fade away ;  
And the proud sculptor's work sublime,  
Crumble beneath the foot of Time ;  
Unless the minstrel's high acclaim,  
Bade write them in the rolls of Fame !  
As erst round Sappho's ' burning brow'  
Bloomed the green bay, so blooms it now ;  
And Laura's name in Petrarch's page  
Shall live through every future age ;  
And Saccharissa—maid divine !  
Still smile in Waller's liquid line ;—  
And yours, Eliza ! live in mine.  
Such honours to the Muse belong—  
Such is the power of poet's song !

Then shun not him whose humble lays,  
Were ever tuned to woman's praise ;  
For there is that in woman's glance,  
Can lap the soul in sweet romance ;  
And e'en when youth has passed away  
Sheds o'er man's heart a cheering ray !—  
Time was, I felt Love's sacred flame,  
And ' owned the magic of a name ;'  
Seven years I worshipped at his shrine  
Before I called the idol mine ;—  
Fair was her hair, her eyes were blue—  
So soft, that heaven seemed looking through,—  
And we enjoyed what young hearts prove,  
We sighed—but never talked of love !  
Long ere her brother joined our hands  
Our hearts were knit in love's soft bands :  
She loved me, from her bosom's core,—  
And man ne'er loved a woman more !  
But soon from earth she passed away  
To regions of eternal day ;  
And I am left in life's rude throng  
To soothe my way with rhyme and song ;

Nor shall I deem the labour vain,  
To follow in the muses' train,  
If I can while with song away  
The gloom that shrouds my wintry day.

Then fear not, lady, that my strain,  
Should give your gentle bosom pain;—  
Long have I strung my homely lays  
To woman's love, and beauty's praise;  
And trust my self-rewarding toil  
May claim the 'tribute of a smile.'  
Rude, unconnected are my themes—  
Disjointed as our morning dreams;  
And small, if any, is my claim  
To minstrel, or to poet's name.  
To love, alone, I owe each lay,  
In life's untutored early day;  
And who by love and fancy fired,  
But felt, or feigned himself inspired?



FAREWELL! YE SCENES TO ME SAE DEAR.

AIR—Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.

FAREWELL! ye scenes to me sae dear,  
Where aft I strayed in early youth,  
Ere yet this breast knew ought o' care,  
When a' was innocence and truth;  
As distance dims you frae my gaze,  
I tak a lang, a last adieu;  
And think on a' my artless ways,  
Whan life, and love, and hope, were new!

I sigh to leave ilk favourite scene,  
Endeared to me by mony a tie;  
The bonnie burn and washin green  
Where aft I frolic'd whan a boy!  
But oh! wi' Jessie thus to part,  
What troubled thochts distract my mind!  
For love to her has bound my heart,  
As fast as fervent vows can bind.

Aft on yon burnie's braes I've strayed,  
Where willows wave beside the stream ;  
And there aft met my dearest maid,  
And spent the hour in love's fond dream !  
There, as the sun declined, we lay,  
And curious watched the unwary fly,  
And aft the trout wad seize its prey,  
And aft the tear bedewed her eye.

Now far to foreign climes I go,  
And leave the burn and washin green ;  
Nae mair to meet where willows grow,  
Tho' fancy lang will haunt the scene ;  
Yet aft I'll picture Jessie there,  
Slow wandering by the burnie's side,  
And hear the sigh that's lost in air,  
And see the tear fa' in the tide !

THE HARP OF THE TROUBADOUR.

MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD, ESQ.

THE lays are lost of the olden time,  
When with harp in his joyous hand,  
The Troubadour, with merry chime,  
Would roam from land to land;  
His strains were prized in the princely hall,  
And loved at the cottage door;—  
The world his home—for dear to all  
Was the harp of the Troubadour.

His boon, a cup of the ruby wine,  
From the hand of some ladye fair,  
Whose knight had fought in Palestine,  
With brand and bosom bare.  
Of war's stern deeds he loved to sing;  
When the battle's din was o'er,  
The clash and clang of arms would ring  
From the harp of the Troubadour.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When gentler moods his mind would move,  
How sweet were the notes he played,  
Soft as the whispered vows of love,  
From the lips of village maid ;  
And many a maiden's eye beam'd bright,  
Tho' her heart was sad before,  
When tripping to some measure light,  
From the harp of the Troubadour.

GRIM WINTER WAS HOWLIN.

AIR—Bonnie Dundee.

GRIM winter was howlin owre muir and owre mountain,  
And bleak blew the wind on the wild stormy sea ;  
The cauld frost had locked up ilk riv'let and fountain,  
As I took the dreich road that leads north to Dundee.  
Tho' a' round was dreary, my heart was fu' cheery,  
And cantie I sung as the bird on the tree ;  
For, whan the heart's light, the feet winna soon weary,  
Tho' ane shou'd gang farther than bonnie Dundee !

Arrived at the banks o' sweet Tay's flowin' river,  
I looked, as it rapidly rowed to the sea ;  
And fancy, whase fond dream still pleases us ever,  
Beguiled the lone passage to bonnie Dundee.  
There, glowrin about—I saw in his station,  
Ilk bodie as eydent as mid-summer bee ;  
When fair stood, a mark on the face o' creation—  
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O, ay since the time I first saw this sweet lassie,  
I'm listless, I'm restless, wharever I be ;  
I'm dowie, and donnart, and aften ca'd saucy,  
They ken na—its a' for the lass o' Dundee !  
O lang may her guardians be Virtue and Honour ;  
Tho' anither may wed her, yet weel may she be ;  
And blessin's in plenty be shower'd down upon her—  
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

One, upon four chairs stretches his length out ;  
Two in a corner sit rattling the dice box—  
Sathan's invention !—a fourth in his folly  
Whistles a psalm-tune !

Three Luffs, in jackets blue, keenly are betting—  
Done ! distance ! dollars ! in one shout are mingled ;—  
A fourth, on the benches, unconscious of clamour,  
Lies loudly snoring !

Four at a table sit, covered with green baize,  
Shuffling—dealing—and playing the devil's game ;—  
Perch'd, at a corner, sedulously scribbling sits  
Pinchem the Purser !

'Tis calm—and the moon comes forth in her beauty,  
Tinging the dark sails with tissues of silver ;—  
O for a west-wind impelling us forward  
To thy isle, Malta !

Well said king Solomon—sagest of monarchs !  
Deep read in proverb lore—far-famed for wisdom !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

That, ' Hope, if deferred long, maketh the heart sick; '—  
So have I found it.

Freshens the fair wind, till each sail is swelling,  
And onwards the good ship is spurning the proud waves,  
Leaving a long tract, where matter phosphoric  
Sparkles behind her !

Spread every sail out—topsail and studding sail,  
Whilst o'er the waters blue, scuds the ship swan-like !—  
Memory shall leave her seat ere I forget ye,  
Friends in green ERIN !

Distant, yet much loved, I muse on thee, SCOTLAND !  
As the heart of a mother yearns for her first babe,  
Even so does my lone heart long to behold thee,  
Land of my Fathers !

*March 24. 1834.*

THO' BOREAS BAULD, THAT CARLE AULD.

AIR—Maggie Lauder.

THOUGH Boreas bauld, that carle auld,  
Should sough a surly chorus;  
And Winter snell walk out himsel  
And throw his mantle o'er us;—  
Tho' winds blaw drift adown the lift,  
And drive hailstanes afore 'em;  
While you and I sit snug and dry,  
Come push about the jorum!

Tho' no a bird can now be heard  
Upon the leafless timmer;  
Whate'er betide—the ingle side  
Can mak the winter—simmer!  
Tho' cauldrie souls hate reekin bowls,  
And loath what's set before 'em;  
How sweet to tout the glasses out—  
O leeze me on a jorum!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

The hie hill taps, like baxter's baps,  
Wi' snaw are white and floury ;  
Skyte doun the lum the hailstones come,  
In Winter's wildest fury !  
Sharp Johnny Frost, wi' barkynt hoast,  
Maks travellers tramp the quicker ;  
Should he come here to spoil our cheer,  
We'll drown him in the bicker !

Bess, beet the fire—come, big it higher,  
Lest cauld should mak us canker'd ;—  
This is our hame, my dainty dame,  
Sae fill the tither tankard.  
Wi' guid ait cakes, or butter bakes,  
And routh o' whisky toddy,  
Wha daur complain, or mak a mane,  
That man's a saul-less body ?

THE ROSE.

AIR—Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.

EMBLEM of love ! from Mary's hand  
How much I prize thee, balmy rose !  
Thy odour, like affection bland,  
On all around delight bestows.  
A fairer flower in vain we seek—  
Can aught in nature rival thee ?  
Nought, save the bashful virgin's cheek,  
Where glows the blush of modesty.

Emblem of love ! for Mary's sake,  
I'll place thee near my faithful heart ;  
That heart, now lone and sad, must break  
Since we, alas ! are doomed to part.  
Still her dear image in my mind  
Shall live, for absence to atone ;  
As thy perfume remains behind  
When all thy loveliness is gone.

LINES

ON VISITING DOLLAR AFTER THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

AGAIN with wandering feet I rove,  
To seek the haunts of Devon grove,  
Where, winding through the leafless bushes,  
The turbid river onward rushes.—  
In Devon's vale, the infant spring  
Her first fair snowdrop there shall fling;  
And soon the glowing sun shall view  
The crocus clad in golden hue;  
And there, in fragrance, shall disclose  
Its modest head, the pale primrose;  
And reckless larks shall poise the wing,  
While buds shall burst and blackbirds sing;  
And nought be heard in Devon grove,  
Save notes of melody and love!

Where lofty Ochils frowning lower  
O'er Dollar's academic bower;

Here, while I former scenes retrace,  
No more I hail a well-known face ;—  
Alas ! the hand that welcome gave  
Lies cold within the gloomy grave ;  
And Spring, whose animating power  
Shall soon revive the lifeless flower,  
And clothe the hill, and deck the tree—  
Shall fail to bring that friend to me !  
For gone is he who well could blend  
The husband, father, and the friend ;  
And left us in a world of sighs,  
To mourn o'er life's uncertainties ;—  
Whose warm benevolence of mind,  
Like nature's gifts, was unconfined ;  
Whose social generous heart was rife  
With all the charities of life !

'Tis said, ' that when the poet dies  
Mute nature mourns ;'—the woodland sighs ;  
The dancing brook though rushing on,  
Assumes a soft, a sadder tone ;—

Well then may nature in her bloom  
Strew flowerets round the painter's tomb ;  
Since none so truly can impart  
Such transcripts of her beauteous art.  
What debt of gratitude we owe  
The man who first made canvass glow !  
For there again, in fairest guise,  
The broad, the living landscape lies ;  
And there, in lineament and line,  
Lives in his art man's face divine !  
And birds, and flowers of various dies,  
From his creative pencil rise.—

O well could GIBSON's hand define  
The truth of beauty's wavy line ;  
And real, or fancied scenes enhance  
By far perspective's magic glance.  
His glowing touch could realize  
The tints that gild the evening skies,  
When nature, in her garb of green,  
Throws her bright vesture o'er the scene.

But now, alas ! that hand no more  
Shall cull those tints from nature's store ;  
His spirit—his enchanting powers,  
Fled with lone autumn's latest flowers ;—  
Now winter rules with ruthless sway—  
Dark mists descend and close the day ;  
But spring her mantle shall resume,  
To garland fair her painter's tomb.



STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THE tardy spring, at length, returns—  
The renovating breezes blow ;  
The flowers start from their wintry urns,  
Exulting in their gaudy show ;—  
In vain to me their colours glow—  
In vain they shed a rich perfume ;  
They only mock my cherished wo,  
By blooming round my Jessie's tomb.

All is not buried in the dust,  
Tho' cold her lifeless form lies there ;  
Her spirit dwells among the just—  
She shares the joys that angels share !  
The bitter tear I well may spare—  
The sigh, and many a stifled groan ;  
Why should I mourn in heart for her  
Who lives where sorrow is unknown ?

What is this world? A vale of tears,  
With death in ambush for his prey;  
He strikes! the spirit disappears—  
We mingle with our kindred clay!  
But we shall meet—no distant day—  
Exempt, at last, from care and pain,  
Where every tear is wiped away,  
And we shall never part again.

Oh thought of comfort to the soul,  
While prisoner in its frail abode!  
To live while endless ages roll—  
To walk in presence of our God!  
Then let me kiss the chastening rod,  
And bless the hand that brings me low;  
That, while I bear life's weary load,  
Still makes me taste the joy of wo!

EPITAPH

FOR THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

YE young and gay who tread this ground  
Blush not to shed the conscious tear ;  
Perhaps ere long the turf-clad mound,  
May cover one your soul holds dear.  
Sweet is the trump of airy Fame  
To the young warrior's ravished ear ;  
But sweeter far a Mother's name  
To him who holds affection dear.  
For know—a Mother lies below  
Who once was loved, with love sincere :  
Tho' death long since has struck the blow,  
Sweet is affection's silent tear.  
Time may deface the sculptor's art,  
And sorrow cease to drop the tear ;  
But while affection warms the heart,  
Still will a Mother's name be dear !

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH POETS.

Of all the good that mortal men pursue,  
The muse has least to give, and gives to few.

CRABBE.

BURNS.

WHEN Genius long neglected lay,  
And his last strains had died away ;  
When ‘ wood notes wild ’ were heard no more  
On Ayr’s sweet banks and Carrick shore ;  
In dreary dens fair Coila strayed—  
Her head close muffled in her plaid ;  
Hot tears bedew’d each cheek and eye,  
While ‘ BURNS ! ’ burst forth in many a sigh.—  
No mausoleum then was seen—  
His lowly grave scarce clad in green ;  
No sculptured forms in anguish bent—  
His name, alone, his monument,—

A monument, surpassing art,  
That lives in every Scotsman's heart ;  
A fitting shrine—since none so well  
Our loves, joys, pleasures, e'er could tell !

CAMPBELL.

Who stalks along with raptured eye,  
Now views the earth, and now the sky ;  
Whose lyre is of the classic mould,  
As strung by bards in days of old ?  
'Tis CAMPBELL gives his fancy scope,  
And sings a soothing lay of Hope—  
How ardent genius, unconfined,  
Shall yet unlock the springs of mind ;  
With Heaven's own fire young bosoms glow,  
And rival all but *one* below.  
Hark ! as he leaves the peaceful vale  
What hostile sounds the ears assail ;  
The war-trump trills upon the gale ;  
Fair nature's face is rent and riven  
By bolts dire as the bolts of Heaven ;

The war-fiend rides in mantle dun ;  
His sulphury breath obscures the sun ;  
He fiercely urges on the brave  
To gain a name—or find a grave,—  
A grave without a winding sheet—  
For ‘ few shall part where many meet !’

SCOTT.

Who comes, alone, with soul of fire,  
And in his hand the Border lyre ?  
He sweeps the strings, and in his strain  
Old times and manners live again :  
’Tis SCOTT ! Great master of his art,  
He fires, subdues, or storms the heart !  
Rapt by the magic of his rhymes,  
I seem to live in feudal times ;  
I hear the swelling bugle’s call,  
And see the warder on the wall ;  
And many a squire, and many a knight,  
In mail and gloves of steel bedight,  
Impatient for the fiery fight.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hoary cairn, the mountain grey,  
Echo the mighty minstrel's lay.  
Who roams with him o'er 'Flodden field,'  
But longs to grasp the spear and shield;  
To join the yet unbroken ring  
That crowd round their devoted king !

HOGG.

Who sits in shepherd's garb arrayed,  
His 'Mountain lyre' beside him laid ?  
His crook is idly tossed away ;  
His flocks have wandered far astray :  
'Tis HOGG ! And hark ! that wizard tone,  
Tells of a world to us unknown ;  
A land, ne'er seen by sinful eyes,  
Of emerald vales and cloudless skies,  
Where all is chaste, and pure, and fair—  
Yet young Kilmeny wanders there ;  
Kilmeny of a mortal born,  
From sin and sorrow early torn !

Let sceptics doubt—to me 'tis clear  
That woman's half an angel here.

But list again—he sweeps the strings  
That thrill unutterable things.

Lo ! Beattie Laing, the ' Witch o' Fife !'  
Starts, at the magic sound, to life ;  
She mounts her birken broom again,  
And rides aloft in Satan's train ;  
Or sails to Norway in a shell,  
Safe in the secret power of hell ;—  
Such witchery in his harp-strings dwell !  
Sweet mountain bard, when shall such strain  
Fall on our ravished ears again ?

WILSON.

SAY who is he that loves to lie  
And gaze on sleeping infancy ?  
Shut is the ear to voice of fame  
That never heard of WILSON's name !  
His spirit, pure as opening day,  
Delights in fancy's groves to stray,



And fain would people this rude earth  
 With beings of a heavenly birth.  
 Though vain his views of human bliss,  
 For such a sordid world as this,  
 I revel in his fairy dreams,  
 And dwell delighted on his themes,  
 Which steal upon the pensive mind  
 Like soft breath of the southern wind;  
 Or slighted lover's madrigal;  
 Or din of distant waterfall.

List his wild harp—it breathes anon,  
 A deep, a more impassioned tone;  
 And as the airy strings he sweeps,  
 The eye of listening Beauty weeps.  
 O cease that agonizing strain—  
 Else may the heart ne'er throb again;  
 May never sigh o'er earthly woe;—  
 For who with him may safely go  
 'Mong livid corpses breathless lying—  
 Groans and shrieks of lovers dying—  
 The last faint accents of despair—  
 Gaunt phantoms in the lurid air—

And madmen o'er the midnight bowl—  
Distract and ' harrow up the soul !'

TENNANT.

WHO sings to cheer his moorland hearth,  
And tunes his potent lyre to mirth ;  
Whose nimble fancy, bold and free,  
Fills all around with fun and glee ?  
'Tis TENNANT—Momus' merry son !  
And hark ! the bridal game 's begun.  
While Anster's dame, all love and grace,  
Sits by the king in pride of place,  
The gazing multitudes applaud her—  
Heaven's concave rings with ' Maggie Lauder !'  
The reeling mob confess Rob's chanter,  
And kick and rear it to the Ranter.  
O ne'er beneath the sun or moon  
Was seen so hot a rigadoon,  
As when that spirit-stirring air  
Set all the crowd a dancing there !  
Bard of the jocund humorous strain,  
O wake thy merry mood again !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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TO A LADY,

ON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR

WITH A BEAUTIFUL CARNATION, DECEMBER 28. 1832.

TAKE back the flower you kindly gave,  
No art can now avert its doom ;  
In vain I would its beauty save  
From sinking in a wintry tomb.  
Thus ill-starred genius has its birth—  
It springs beneath inclement skies,  
Rears high its radiant head on earth—  
Blooms for a day—fades—falls—and dies !

LADY CASSILIS' LAMENT. (11)

AIR—The Gipsy Laddie.

O ! WAE betide thee, Johnny Faa,  
Thy looks and words enticing ;  
Freedom and fame I've lost, and a'  
Through thee, and thy advising.  
O let not woman after me  
Forsake the path of duty ;  
O let not woman after me  
Exult in youth and beauty !

My een, that ance were bonnie blue,  
Love's saftest glances flinging,  
Are dimm'd, alas ! by sorrow's dew,  
From misery's fountain springing :  
My hair, that ance was lang and sleek,  
Wi' grief is fast decaying ;  
And tears find channels down that cheek  
Where rosy smiles were playing.

Now spring has flung o'er field and bower  
The garment of her gladness ;  
While here I sit in prison tower,  
In mair than winter's sadness :  
The wild birds flit frae tree to tree—  
The grove's wi' music ringing ;  
O I was ance as blythe and free  
As onie bird that 's singing !

But now less free than bird of song  
That gilded wires environ ;  
My cage a gloomy prison strong,  
Wi' bolts and bars of iron :—  
O let not woman after me  
Exult in youth and beauty ;  
O let not woman after me  
Forsake the path of duty !

FROM PORTSMOUTH ERE WE SAILED AWAY.

ATB—The girl I left behind me.

FROM Portsmouth ere we sailed away—  
    (For our's a roving trade is),  
In sweet July, the fourteenth day,  
    Three lovely laughing ladies  
Came straight on board : the first was Fan—  
    No mortal e'er such eyes saw !  
The second—gentle Mary Ann ;  
    The third—was fair Eliza.

Her spirits, like a full spring-tide,  
    With joy were overflowing ;  
She tripp'd about from side to side,  
    Her pretty ankles shewing :  
Her winning smile and witching eye,  
    That set my heart a-dancing,  
With grandeur's gayest dames might vie,  
    Howe'er so proudly glancing.

A prettier girl was never seen  
Upon the land or water—  
In city gay, or meadow green,  
Since Eve had her first daughter.  
O many a dreary day is gone  
Since we sailed on that trip, boys !  
Yet still I often think upon  
That girl on board our ship, boys.

Then fare ye well, Eliza dear,  
I may no more behold you ;  
But let me whisper in your ear  
A truth that's seldom told you :—  
Young men will flatter, sigh, adore,  
And swear but to deceive you ;  
Then, swallow-like, when summer's o'er,  
They'll fly away and leave you.

THE HEARKENIN' WIND WI' ANGRY THUDS.

AIR—Logan Water.

THE hearkenin' wind wi' angry thuds  
Raves wildly through the beechen tree ;  
The sun has derved himsel in cluds,  
Nor blinks upon the stormy sea.  
I look far yont the Isle o' May,  
And sigh to see the whitenin' faem,  
For my leal lad's been lang away,  
Tho' soon he promised to be hame.

O wae betide that restless man  
Wha first the pathless ocean plough'd ;  
He weel deserves the lover's ban  
Wha ventured there in quest o' gowd :  
Gowd ne'er can beet the lover's flame,  
And hame-content it canna buy ;  
Then haste ye, Jamie, haste ye hame,  
And nane shall be sae blest as I.



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

A speck at last attracts my eye,  
Afar upon the welkin's rim ;  
And now the tall mast cleaves the sky—  
The signal tells me it is him !  
O sodgers' wives hae days o' care,  
And sailors' wives hae nights o' pain ;  
But sorrow vanishes in air  
When those we lo'e come hame again !

VERSES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING FORT-WESTMORELAND,

SPIKE ISLAND, COVE OF CORK.

OFt have I gazed from Spike with rapt delight,  
When Sol on summer eve had ceased to shine,  
And gorgeous clouds arose—and coming night  
Threw her broad shadows o'er the burnished brine :  
Such scene may well the painter's eye invite ;  
And poet there might pen a prettier line,  
If wights so wayward in life's weary round,  
Within the massive walls should e'er be found.

These scenes have fled ;—the splendid summer's o'er ;  
The mist descends, and heavy moans the breeze ;  
Grim surly ' Winter shews his visage hoar,'—  
And tints autumnal tinge the fading trees.  
Farewell, green Erin, to thy rock-bound shore !  
Forgive me, if I'm rather hard to please ;  
I love thy ladies, fair in every feature—  
And Cove has charms for me—the charms of nature !

THE RHYMING O'T.

WRITTEN FOR THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ANSTRUTHER MUSOMANIK SOCIETY, 1813. (12)

AIR—The rock and the wee pickle tow.

THERE is an auld town in the East Neuk o' Fife—  
Sae auld that few ken the beginnin o't ;  
But the young birkies there hae a great deal o' life,  
And o' rhyme they aft try the spinnin o't :  
There, thinkin and clinkin, they sit i' their ha',  
And laughin and daffin drive dull hours awa ;  
A joy that plain prose men ken nocht o' ava,  
For the laurel they ne'er tried the winnin o't.

The hill o' Parnassus, sae steep and sae hie,  
O mony's the bard has been climbin o't ;  
The braw cauler well at its tap they maun pree,  
Then their tongues a' wag fast wi' the chimin o't !

H

So we, too, you see, too,—tho' some silly snools  
    Wad blaw us, an' ca' us puir licht-headed fools;  
Tho' its vera weel kend a' the lear o' the schools  
    Could never yet teach ane the rhymin o't !

O the rhymin ! the rhymin ! it maks us a' glad—  
    My heart how it louns wi' the thinkin o't !  
Tho' baith douf and dowie, we're nae langer sad  
    When ance a' set down to the clinkin o't :  
It brightens, it heightens our humour and glee ;—  
    Of true men, there's few men sae funny and free ;  
May we write, may we rhyme—may our names  
    never dee—  
    A bumper—that a' may be drinkin o't !

CRAMBO ON CHEESE.

ADDRESSED TO R—— H—— ESQ.

ON THERE BEING NONE AT A WEDDING DINNER.

Rhyme the rudder is of verses.—BUTLER.

On Rhyme's two stilts I crutch it up Parnassus.—TENNANT.

I've dined—but still I'm ill at ease—  
For why? my stomach lacks the cheese.  
I try its cravings to appease,  
But all wont do—I sigh for cheese.  
'A glass of port, sir?' If you please—  
But what is port without the cheese!  
'The wine of life is on the lees,'  
Unless a dinner ends with cheese!  
I take a pinch, and loudly sneeze,  
Sly madam Echo answers 'Cheese!'  
I love a song—am fond of glees—  
A song I'll write in praise of cheese.

If fair Miss Sally touch the keys,  
To me they vibrate, che, che, cheese !  
I'll never sue on bended knees,  
To lady fair that spurns at cheese.  
The world, in vain, may try to tease  
The man that is content with cheese.—  
May you, my friend, live at your ease  
And never want your bread and cheese :  
To Mrs H. a lengthened lease  
Of life's good things—including cheese.  
Last night she braved the stormy breeze,  
Got wet—the Doctor lost the cheese !  
I'd rather far that his degrees—  
I mean his *muckle* M's and D's,  
Had lost their mark, than we the cheese.  
May hungry ruin on him seize,  
That stole, and then devoured the cheese ;  
Long may he feel what drunkard *drees*,  
A burning *drouth*—sans drink, sans cheese !  
Sweeter than honey to wild bees,  
Or to the fists of lawyers, fees,  
Is port, or porter, after cheese !

At lunch, I give my heart a *heeze*,  
With ale, brown stout, and Cheshire cheese.  
Though eld my hair should silvereeze,  
There's youth, and truth, in Stilton cheese.  
If cold, in winter, make you wheeze,  
Then clear your windpipe out with cheese.  
For indigestion—sad disease !  
What is so good as mouldy cheese ?  
Ill fares the man that never *prees*  
A *rabbit*, made of Glos'ter cheese.  
Had I, on earth, but four *Tarees*, <sup>(13)</sup>  
With them I'd buy a pound of cheese ;  
Or mouths like the twin Siamese,  
I'd feed them both with toasted cheese.  
Till death life's genial current freeze  
My rhymes shall run in praise of cheese.—  
Your friendly hand I soon shall squeeze ;  
Meantime, provide the house with cheese :  
I'll drink, while you repeat the *threes*—  
' Hip, hip—hurra ! the cheese, the cheese !'  
While rivers run to join the seas ;  
While leaves in spring shall clothe the trees,

And daisies star the verdant leas,  
Shall mankind munch their bread and cheese !  
Rhymes yet remain, as frieze, and pease,  
And C's and G's, and E's and T's ;  
And twenty more as good as these,  
When next I chant, or chime, on cheese.  
So having made you my *congees*,  
I drop my crambo-clink on cheese !



FIRST WHEN I BEGAN TO WOO.

AIR—Duncan Gray.

FIRST when I began to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
I thought my dearie wad prove true,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
She soon cured me o' my pain,  
For ae night I saw a swain  
Kiss and clasp her as his ain,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Gif sic be their tricks, thought I,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Ane mair kind I maun gae try,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't :  
Aff I set ae rainy night  
To court my lassie, trig and tight—  
Never dreamt I'd gat the slight !  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

When I reach'd her cottage door,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Some chiel had got there before,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't :  
She ne'er bade me come in by,  
Tho' the night was far frae dry ;—  
Turnin round—' Guid-e'en,' quo' I !  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

In proverb phrase, ' third time tries a','  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't—  
A third I'll try, whate'er befa',  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
Gif like the rest she prove untrue,  
May the de'il then get his due—  
(Faithless hizzies, I mean you !)  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Ye're a' mim-mou'd till yok'd for life,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
Then your words and wants are rife,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

No thought and no care,  
For life's morning rose fair,  
And, careless, I ventured to rove, O !  
How altered the scene !  
Life's cares intervene,  
Nae mair thro' these pleasures I range, O !  
What gave joy aft before,  
Now pleases no more,  
And manhood laments the sad change, O !

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

MUSIC BY JAMES STEEL, R. N.

‘HAME, hame, hame ! hame fain wad I be,  
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!’  
When the bonnie buds of spring shall deck the haw-  
thorn tree,  
O then I’ll hie me hame to my ain countrie !

Let foreign bodies boast o’ their olive tree and vine,  
Their skies o’ cloudless blue and silvery moonshine ;  
Gie me the Land o’ Cakes wi’ its meal and barley bree—  
O there ’s nae place like hame in our ain countrie !

The classic shores o’ Greece are barren, bleak and bare,  
Nae primrose spreads its leaves, nor glints the gowan  
there ;

Nae blackbird in the bush sings his e’enin sang to me—  
Send me hame, send me hame, to my ain countrie !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Sair, sair is my heart, for lang I've been awa,  
Frae frien's that lo'e me dear, an' my bonnie bairns twa;  
But the time will shortly come when I'll cross the  
stormy sea,  
And press them to my heart, in my ain countrie.

*Mediterranean, 1837.*

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ON PARTING WITH A LADY,

WHO SAID THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON FORGET HIS FRIENDS.

FORGET my friends? O say it not!  
I leave them with regret;—  
Forget I may, but there is *one*  
I never can forget!  
Ask not her name—I'll only breathe  
The simple sound in prayer;  
But could you look within my breast,  
You'd find her pictured there!

OH! ASK ME NOT WHY THUS I MOURN.

AIR—Gilderoy.

OH! ask me not why thus I mourn,  
Why hang the pensive head;  
Can joys departed e'er return,  
Can roses bloom when dead?  
O there was one—her name still dear  
Lives in my bosom's core;  
But fruitless is the falling tear—  
I ne'er shall see her more!

With her I've pulled the sweetest flower,  
That graced the early spring;  
With her I've spent the lover's hour,  
That quick was on the wing:  
Spring's early flowers no pleasure yield—  
The moments linger slow;—  
The sweetest flower in nature's field  
Now lies, alas! full low.

CHRISTMAS.

A RUDDER-HEAD REVERIE.

Christmas comes but once a-year,  
But, when it comes, it brings good cheer.—CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN that famed place no longer cruising,  
Where William kissed his 'black-ey'd Susan,'<sup>(15)</sup>  
Driven by the tide, toss'd by the breeze,  
Rides the good ship, the Ramillies.  
Others may 'slumber on the ocean,'  
But we've found out 'perpetual motion ;'  
And things shall go a little hard,  
If some one claims not the reward.  
Some stomachs are so very nice,  
Rolling upsets them in a trice ;  
And pitching gives them such a fit,  
Poor souls ! they cannot pick a bit !  
Let winds pipe loud,—let billows roar,—  
*We* eat and drink like folks on shore.  
But what is this ? As I'm a sinner  
'Tis CHRISTMAS, and we've nought for dinner !

Already lour the distant skies ;  
 The angry white-topped billows rise ;  
 O'er head the rack is scudding fast,  
 And heavy moans the coming blast ;  
 On flagging wing sails slowly by  
 The sea-mew, with a wailing cry.  
 What sad portentous signs are these ?  
 How quick they turn our swans to geese !

Four jolly Mids have we invited,  
 Whose stomachs, no doubt, are delighted ;  
 And shall their fondest wishes *go out*  
 Like candle-snuff ? Shall then no *blow-out*  
 Delight the maws of hungry fellows ?  
 Must *salt junk* fill our empty bellies ?  
 Shall we have nought but beef and biscuit,  
 Instead of *soft-tack*, fowl and brisket ?  
 Forbid it ! Neptune's watery train,  
 That live below, or skim the main.

Alas ! what will not patience teach ;—  
 The surf is rolling on the beach ;



And down comes Lapslie, hat in hand,—

‘ At Deal, to-day, no boat can land !’

And all our hopes of Christmas fare

Vanish, like witches, in the air !

The rich sirloin, all smoking hot,

Like baser shin, has gone to pot :

The goose—oh, name it not !—the goose

Is killed and stuffed for others’ use ;

Or borne away, on ample pinions,

Regardless of our sage and onions.

’Tis clear our evil stars prevail,—

We’ll ne’er lay salt upon her tail.

The fowls have all been ‘ bought and sold ;’

The currie is too hot to hold !

The mince, so nicely baked in pies,

Is fruitless as a sailor’s sighs,

When fast he scuds before the wind,

And leaves his lass and heart behind.

The ham, well dried a month before,

We only *smoke it* from the shore ;

And, were we Jews of Abram’s line,

On it might be allow’d to dine ;

But no,—at distance here we stand,  
 And only view the promised land.  
 The veal,—pray, messmates, do not frown,—  
 Not it, but we, are quite *done brown* :  
 The tongue that tickles every palate,  
 Is mute within some butcher's wallet ;  
 The pig on which I thought to dine,  
 Lies grunting with his fellow swine !  
 And greens uncut, adorn the plain—  
 M——r may *green* for them in vain.  
 For such ' good cheer ' we may not look,—  
 We all must dine with *Humphrey's Duke* ;  
 Our Christmas gambols we have played ill,  
 And danced to ' Sandy lick the laddle !'  
 To bear with this is not in nature,  
 I therefore vote we *cob the cat'er*.

H. M. SHIP RAMILLIES,  
 DOWNS, 25th December 1823.

THE BRAES OF DREEL. (16)

AIR—Roslin Castle.

SWEET Dreel ! upon whose gowany braes,  
Fair Fifan lasses bleach their claes,  
Where aft I've strayed wi' listening ear,  
The murmur o' thy stream to hear ;  
Sweet Dreel ! endeared from infancy  
By love's fond glance and friendship's tie—  
By mair than I can e'er reveal,  
Now I maun leave thee, bonnie Dreel !

The primrose paints thy braes in spring,  
The birds amang thy bushes sing ;  
There e'enin' aft has seen me stray,  
Wi' ane sweet as thy banks in May ;  
But now, alas ! I maun awa  
Whar billows roll, and tempests blaw ;  
Unsung, thy waters now shall steal  
To join the ocean, bonnie Dreel !

Yet there the birds will sing as sweet,  
As when my love an' I did meet ;  
The gowan fair, the primrose pale,  
With the same hues shall paint the dale ;  
The sun shall shine as fair on high,  
Tho' distant far, an' sad am I :  
Scenes o' my youth ! a lang fareweel,—  
Adieu ! adieu ! sweet flowery Dreel.

STANZAS.

Come, Disappointment, come!—HENRY K. WHITE.

IN the morning of life, ere my sun was well up,  
How swift flew the moments away !  
I never once dreamt I should drain sorrow's cup,  
But pass in glad frolic the day !  
Ah ! Hope's airy visions soon fled from my sight,  
And left Disappointment with all her sad train ;—  
My sun was soon set—all was dark as the night  
When loud howls the blast, and the trav'ler in fright  
Takes shelter from wind and the rain.

Unshelter'd and friendless I bore the rude blast,  
For Hope would appear to my view  
Like the moon through a cloud, in the void dark and vast,  
And beckon me still to pursue.  
Though rough was the way, I kept trudging along—  
And nought from my purpose could draw me aside ;  
For the shade of pale Poverty hovered among  
The ills in my train, as I pressed through the throng—  
And I shrunk from the scoffings of pride !

Dame Fortune, blind goddess ! her smile was my aim,  
But a glance she would never bestow ;  
So I left the pursuit, without sorrow or shame,  
Resolving no farther to go.

Then Love, maddening Love ! took his seat in my  
breast,—

Disappointment, heart-rending, still followed me  
there,—

For my nymph she proved false, though my soul she  
possess'd,

And Despair seized my heart when I saw her caress'd  
By a rival of insolent air !

I have found that fair woman, like ' life, is a jest,'

And happy the man that is free ;—

So I flew to my rest, like a bird to its nest,

To harbour, sweet Friendship, with thee.

A suppliant bends at thy shrine—may he crave

That thy mantle may round him be thrown,

Then Fortune may frown, and mad Malice may rave,

He'll heed not their ire as he sinks in the grave

With his sorrows, unnoted, unknown !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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A LASSIE FAIR.

AIR—For a' that, and a' that.

A LASSIE fair—the deil-ma-care—  
Ance lichtlied me and a' that,  
And tho' I'm poor, you may be sure,  
I didna like to claw that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
I'm hearty still for a' that,  
I gat the slight, I took it light,  
And that's the way to thraw that.

Gif they should nick you wi' this trick,  
Ne'er break your heart and a' that,  
Just glower about, you'll find ane out,  
Will ease your pain and a' that ;  
And a' that, and a' that,  
Your sighs and sabs, and a' that,  
Sae never dwine about ae quean,  
There's plenty yet for a' that !

Nane but a fool spurns Nature's rule,  
To love and wed, and a' that ;  
Or gin a lass to him proves fause  
Taks to his bed, and a' that ;  
And a' that, and a' that,  
Nae doctor's drugs, and a' that,  
Will ever prove a cure for love,  
Like kiss again, and a' that !

Gif I can find ane to my mind,  
My heart and hand, and a' that,  
To her I'll gie, baith frank and free,  
They're my delight for a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
They're dear to me for a' that,  
I lo'e them still, and ever will,  
Tho' ane did jilt and a' that !



STANZAS.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles.—SHAKSPEARE.

COULD some high peak or place be found,  
Where I might scan with eagle eye  
The landscape, as it lay around—  
The earth, the ocean, and the sky.  
There would I build a little bower  
Upon the mountain's sheltered side ;  
And nourish there a fairer flower  
Than Flora's garden can provide.

Or, place me in the deepest mine,  
No more to taste the vernal air ;  
Give me the maid whose dark eyes shine,  
And I could dwell for ever there.  
For, even in our drear abode,  
Where Sol ne'er sent a cheering ray,  
Nor silver Cynthia walked abroad—  
Love—love would make it always day.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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Love's mighty conquest who can tell ?  
Arm'd with his all-prevailing dart,  
He leads his captives by a spell,  
And prisoner takes the wayward heart.  
Then Love, all hail ! thy votary, I  
Will worship where my fair one dwells ;  
Be it on mountain tops so high,  
Or earth's remotest, deepest cells.

MY FATHERLAND.

O SOME may think it sweet to roam  
On mony a foreign shore ;  
But sad is the heart  
If we're far apart  
From friends we may meet no more.

Here music floats in the balmy air  
Frae mony a merry band ;  
But it breathes na the strain  
That the heart breathes again,  
In the lays o' my Fatherland.

Here the moon comes drest in her siller crest,  
And the stars are twinkling by ;  
But they brund na sae bricht  
In a winter's nicht,  
As the stars in my ain native sky.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Here the golden orange hangs its head,  
And the vine woos the willing hand ;  
But they're nocht to me  
Like the auld apple-tree  
That blooms in my Fatherland.

*Mediterranean, 1834.*

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EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED TO A NUMEROUS CLASS WHO ARE

‘ LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY.’

YE nameless unknown, in wood and on stone  
What tempts ye to cut and to scribble ?  
From oblivion's stream would ye fish up a name ?  
Believe me, ye'll ne'er get a nibble !

WELLINGTON'S ENTRY INTO FRANCE.

AIR—The Highland Watch.

HAIL ! hero of the Emerald Isle,  
Iberia's great avenger !  
Inured to war with all its toil,  
Serene in every danger !  
The foe retires at thy advance,  
His fate no longer braving ;  
And proudly o'er the fields of France  
The British banner's waving.

While bowed to dust, Spain scorned to yield,  
Or crouch to the invader ;  
Britannia hastened to the field  
With Freedom's sons to aid her.  
'Twas British steel repelled the shock,  
Their *pas de charge* and drumming ;  
Three cheers oft told the Gallic Cock  
'Twas Britain's Lion coming.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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Now Tyranny has fled the plain,  
With all his dire attendants ;  
Then shout, ye gallant sons of Spain,  
For yours is independence !—  
Ye who have spread destruction round,  
Does courage now forsake you ?  
Beware ! lest on your native ground  
Grim vengeance overtake you !

21st October 1813.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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Nae braggart—but a sodger he,  
Wha scorned wi' coward loons to flee ;  
Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,  
Upon that fatal morning !

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LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE AUTHOR'S

POEMS AND SONGS,

PRESENTED TO LADY J. P. BERESFORD.

As when a boy on summer's golden morn—  
Free from restraint, and careless where he goes,  
Now lists the linnet warbling on the thorn,  
Now crops a thistle, and now pulls a rose :  
So I—oft wandering near that hill where flows  
The sacred fountain by the gods adored—  
Have cull'd a chaplet, where few sweets repose,  
And tied it rudely with a rustic cord ;  
Now humbly lay the wreath at feet of BERESFORD.